time is ſacrificed, and their perſons often legally proſtituted. A man when he enters any profeſſion has his eye ſteadily fixed on ſome future advantage (and the mind gains great ſtrength by having all its efforts directed to one point), and, full of his buſineſs, pleaſure is conſidered as mere relaxation; whilſt women ſeek for pleaſure as the main purpoſe of exiſtence. In fact, from the education, which they receive from ſociety, the love of pleaſure may be ſaid to govern them all; but does this prove that there is a ſex in ſouls? It would be juſt as rational to declare that the courtiers in France, when a deſtructive ſyſtem of deſpotiſm had formed their character, were not men, becauſe liberty, virtue, and humanity, were ſacrificed to pleaſure and vanity.—Fatal paſſions, which have ever domineered over the *whole* race!

The ſame love of pleaſure, foſtered by the whole tendency of their education, gives a trifling turn to the conduct of women in moſt circumſtances: for inſtance, they are ever anxious about ſecondary things; and on the watch for adventures, inſtead of being occupied by duties.

A man, when he undertakes a journey, has, in general, the end in view; a woman thinks more

more of the incidental occurrences, the ſtrange things that may poſſibly occur on the road; the impreſſion that ſhe may make on her fellow-travellers; and, above all, ſhe is anxiouſly intent on the care of the finery that ſhe carries with her, which is more than ever a part of herſelf, when going to figure on a new ſcene; when, to uſe an apt French turn of expreſſion, ſhe is going to produce a ſenſation.—Can dignity of mind exiſt with ſuch trivial cares?

In ſhort, women, in general, as well as the rich of both ſexes, have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and miſſed the uſeful fruit. It is not neceſſary for me always to premiſe, that I ſpeak of the condition of the whole ſex, leaving exceptions out of the queſtion. Their ſenſes are inflamed, and their underſtandings neglected, conſequently they become the prey of their ſenſes, delicately termed ſenſibility, and are blown about by every momentary guſt of feeling. They are, therefore, in a much worſe condition than they would be in were they in a ſtate nearer to nature. Ever reſtleſs and anxious, their over exerciſed ſenſibility not only renders them uncomfortable themſelves, but troubleſome, to uſe a ſoft phraſe, to others.